CITY TRAGEDY.

WHERE THE PUBLIC IS NOT GENEROUS.

THE GREVIOUS SIGHTS OF BELLEVUE—THE HAND OF RESCUE.

It was just like the good honest folk who laid the foundations of New-York's greatness that they should build hospitals before they built prisons. Away back in the century, just before the second war with Great Britain, when elderly gentlemen wore jabots and knee breeches, and young ones went sparking in swallow-tails that parted above the waist and fell down below their knees, when Madison was President, and Union Square almost a wilderness, the people of New-York sent surveyors up into the country to find a suitable place for a hospital. A fresh water pond grew water lilies then where the gloomy Tombs now stands and the finishing touches had not yet been put on the roof of the City Hall. The surveyors did their work well. They chose a site at the foot of East Twenty-sixth-st., and in 1811 the corner-stone of Bellevue Hospital was laid.

Whatever the grumblers and the sore-heads may say to the contrary, the public is not a brute. It is a kind, cheery, good-natured soul full of sentiment and sympathy and good will. It may sometimes seem to be a brute, but that is only when you look at it superficially or from the stand-point of a sorehead. When you back up against a lamp-post or a telegraph pole in Broadway and watch it hurrying past you up and down, with never a glance to right or left, its brows fixed and its eyes set, its mind intent upon its own business to the complete exclusion of all else; when you hear the busy jingle of its horsecar bells and the bustling noises of its cabs and carts that tear along as if urged by a motor of blind greed; when you see the sightless beggar knocked almost off his feet and the withered, gray-haired hag jostled about till her worn bones ache, then you smile sardonically, and say with your most superior air, "What a selfish brute the public is!" You shrug your shoulders, drop a nickel in the dirty little girl's little tin cup, which with a dirty little monkey and a doleful hand-organ, is the melancholy stock in trade of a dirty Italian, and complacently reflect upon your own graciousness of heart. But you are hasty. You forget with what care and organization the public acts in aiding the unfortunate. If you really want to see that the public is not a brute ask the Warden of Bellevue Hospital to show you through its vast enclosures.

His office is a large, square room with pictures of learned doctors all over the walls, and cases along them full of knives and saws and queer appliances made for the purpose of scraping one's liver or adjusting one's erratic rib. The Warden sits at a big desk, piled high with papers that never seem to grow less. A surgeon enters and says with an air of triumph, "Well, Warden, I got it out!"

"Where was it?"

"Under his moricunalis, right in the wall of his thomogular peligowottsit, an inch and a half to the left of his prutaux and at least an inch further in than I ever saw a bullet go before!"

"Good for you, Doctor," says the Warden. "You did well, and nobody could do better."

You instinctively feel around your stomach and ribs, almost apprehensive lest your own thomogular peliogowotisit should be ailing, and cordially agree with the Warden that a man who can ramble around among one's moricunales and prutauces must certainly possess exalted claims to eminence.

"Will he live?" inquires the Warden.

"O, as to that I can't say, I'm sure. But I've got the ball."

"Is this the Warden?" asks a well-dressed, handsome young man. He has a silver-headed stick in his hand. His smile is very agreeable, as it dies away under his brown mustache. His eyes shine, but you wish that he hadn't taken off his hat. When his hat is on, his appearance is easy, almost elegant, but his head recedes from the line marked by the rim of his hat, and his thin hair, though laboriously plastered down, cannot conceal an ugly red line that suggests a narrow escape from somebody's angry knife.

"I am the Warden."

"May I speak with you privately?"

"Certainly; this way, sir."

They retire to a window. The young man proceeds: "I clipped a piece from the paper this morning, Warden. Ah, yes, here it is. It reads:

"'The body of a woman, evidently young, was found in the East River yesterday just below Blackwell's Island. It was taken to the Morgue. Decomposition had already set in, and it was apparent that the unfortunate woman had been several days in the water. Her features could not be recognized. The woman wore a fine gingham dress, French gaiters and embroidered underclothing marked "G." On her left hand she wore two rings, one plain and the other set with an opal and inscribed. Her friends or relatives who can prove this property can secure the body.'

"I think perhaps I know the unhappy woman, Warden," continued the young man.

"Suppose you step down to the morgue, sir."

"Um, well, pardon me, Warden, but I hate morgues. Can't you do me the special favor of sending for the person who keeps the records?"

The records were brought, and the man was asked to describe the rings.

"The plain ring," he said, "is thin and worn and very yellow. The other, much lighter in color, has two bands. On the lower one is inscribed 'Kate, Christmas, 1883.' The 'G's' on her under-clothing are all in German text."

"That's right, sir. You know the lady?"

"She was my wife. I gave her the opal a year ago. Two months afterward she eloped with a rich manufacturer, and this is the end. It is painful."

He touched his silk handkerchief to his eyes, which really were dewy with sympathy, and he might have been thought much overcome but for the smiles that chased each other across his lips and under his brown mustache.

"She was quite young, too, for such experiences, only twenty-six. It is so pitiful when the young are misled into great faults. I'm becoming quite superstitious about this opal. I gave it to a friend of mine some years ago in California and he was shot a few weeks later. The ring was returned to me and I gave it to a lady. She wasted away with a fever. She left a little boy and I thought he ought to possess it as a memento of his mother, but the little beggar no sooner got it than he died in a spasm. My wife then saw it and took a fancy to it, and I foolishly gave it to her. Really, if I had an enemy I could wish him no worse a fate than to own this opal. But I have detained you too long, Warden. Good morning!"

"One moment, please. The body—what shall be done with it?"

"O, yes, to be sure, the body. Well, I will send for it in an hour."

Suddenly a gong in a little room back of the Warden's desk strikes twenty quick beats and then sounds a telegraphic message of alarm. A clerk takes down the call and touches an electric bell that rings in the stables near by. The nervous stamping of horses is heard through the open window, and almost before you understand what it means, an ambulance whizzes past, out the gate and away. Its warning bell strokes die out as it tears along, but in a few minutes more they fall again upon the ear. They grow louder, a heavier gong than any peals forth from the outer gate, announcing the arrival of a case, another bell sounds in the reception office below summoning the physicians in charge, the ambulance draws up to the curb and tenderly, very tenderly, the orderlies lift out a couch whereon, bleeding and unconscious, lies the body of a man shot in the head. Twelve thousand times a year the ambulances drive up to that door and deposit their human freight, victims of misfortune and passion and crime. And in half a dozen other hospitals all over the city, in a dozen more supported by private liberality, in countless homes and asylums the merciful work of comfort and healing goes on every day. Who says the public is a beast?

The patient is an old man, grievously wounded. He is laid upon a table and carefully examined, washed and relieved by such applications as will render his suffering less acute. The medicines come from a drug shop directly across the hall, larger and better equipped than most of the apothecary stores in New-York. Here all the prescriptions are "put up" and delivered promptly to the ward physicians. When the old man's wound is dressed, he is carried away to his bed in one of the surgical wards.

The ward-rooms are large and light and airy. A slight odor of ammonia pervades the atmosphere and bears witness, together with the scoured floors and the milk-white, faultless sheets and pillow-cases, to the perfect cleanliness of the apartments. The hospital contains four medical divisions and four surgical divisions, each including several wards. Sixty-three orderlies and sixty four female nurses, the latter supplied from that excellent institution, the Training School for Nurses, which is directly across the street from the hospital, attend constantly upon the patients. Many of these orderlies are themselves practising physicians, who have secured these places for the sake of the invaluable experience to be obtained in them. Twenty-four doctors, twelve medical and twelve surgical, compose the staff of regular attendant physicians, all of whom though young, are experienced and skilful.

Upon almost all the corners of the hospital is built a tower, the rooms of which contain the basins and baths and closets. The tower is entirely apart from the wards and yet readily accessible, so that the patients may have all the benefits of water and cistern attachments without any possibility of evil sanitary results. Beside each little cot, which rests upon spring mattresses and soft bedding, is a little covered table whereon are kept the patient's medicines and personal belongings. Here is one patient with a broken arm; there another with an amputated leg; here is a case of cancer around which the surgeon's steel has carved; there is a poor wretch whose side was torn away by an explosion; yonder with his head bandaged till it is as big as a tub lies a poor boy who served for a drunken father's target.

Across some of the wards an iron grating stretches from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. Nothing distinguishes this enclosure from the greater space outside save the presence of two uniformed policemen and the generally villanous expressions of the patients they guard. These are wounded criminals whose knavery has met with the check afforded by a pistol shot or a policeman's club. Some of the poor wretches, however, attempted no more serious outrage upon society than to rid themselves of what they thought society had amply shown a willingness to part with—their own miserable lives.

"So it is a felony to try to take your own life!" one of them asked the orderly the other day. He had cut both his wrists with a razor.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, it is like any other murderous assault."

"Nonsense. I can't live without opium. My people have thrown me off—I don't blame them. I lost my place, and nobody would give me another. I was starving, burning for a little opium. What good was I to any one?"

A plucky rascal escaped from one of those cages the other day. He demanded some attention from the officer, who led him out. While the officer was locking the cage behind them, his prisoner wriggled away, ran down the tower stairs and secured a new lease of knavery. The wonder is that more do not get away. These cages are no place for desperate criminals, whose convalescence is occupied with visions of an early trial and a long term in Sing Sing. The officials at the hospital recognize this, and probably do the very best they can, but if the authorities wish to be sure that a wounded criminal will be forthcoming when his presence is demanded in court, they should provide for his detention in something at least more difficult to escape from than a bird cage.

Several large wards in the main building are given up to the accommodation of women. Two rooms are usually filled with cases of diseases peculiar to the sex. "That poor woman there," said the doctor, "has a tumor larger than a child at birth. We shall endeavor to cut it out next week. All of these are cases requiring surgical operations. I tell you, sir, Heaven's favors are not equitably distributed between the sexes." Five of the patients were young girls, who couldn't have been out of their teens. They were all recovering, and all so poor that it would have been utterly impossible to secure such treatment as they required outside of a free hospital. The least of these operations costs $1,000. Hundreds of poor women go away from Bellevue every year cured of maladies they had not understood, but which had cost them years of agony. Who says the public is a brute?

On the lowest floor of all, behind heavy iron doors are kept patients suffering from alcoholic manias. It scarcely need be said that these apartments do not suffer for tenants. Sometimes, indeed, they are crowded uncomfortably with a lot of filthy, howling incurables, who, sunk lower than beasts, seem scarcely worth minding about. One of them, somewhat recovered from the worst stage, was still dazed and occupied with phantoms and vampires. You could shake your fist in his face, but he wouldn't have seen you. Now and then he put out his hand as if to ward off some stealthily approaching foe. He wheeled around quickly and shrank back in fright. He held his hands before his face and every nerve in his body shook violently. The doctor took his hand.

"What do you see, John?" he asked.

"Green devils in the water and I can't swim a stroke," was the despairing answer. The variety of their horrid visions is amazing. One of them thought himself in a spider's web and "more'n a million" spiders, hairy, long and vicious, were weaving their skeins around him. The attention of a third, whose violence when brought in had been overcome only by the brute strength of a dozen orderlies, was now engaged rolling off the roofs of houses one reared above the other far into the clouds, while a hundred bats chased him in his tumbles. Every minute or two he bounced heavily on his bed and groaned fearfully. He had just struck another roof. The door of one of the rooms was tightly fastened.

"Who do you suppose we have in there?" asked the doctor. I couldn't imagine, of course. "A reporter," he said, as he threw aside the window.

So he was. There he lay on his couch in a heavy sleep brought on after three days of the horrors by the free use of an opiate. His high, pallid brow, from which a shock of curly hair fell over the pillow, his sensitive mouth and straight nose with its thin quivering nostrils, showed clearly the clever wit he used to have. I met him on the night of the Spuyten Duyvil disaster. He rescued eight passengers, showered attentions upon a score of others and wrote over two columns for his paper. He had a ready, graphic pen and a mind quick, comprehensive and trained. A collegiate education, travel abroad and vast reading had made him fluent and widely informed. The last time I saw him was in front of the Astor House about two months ago. His face was white and he looked utterly weak. When I asked him to lunch with me, he assented with a suggestive eagerness. He ate ravenously, but when in bidding him good-bye I pressed a greenback in his hand, he drew away and said, "I haven't got to that yet."

The nurse in charge of the alcoholic department devoted to females is a handsome, quiet, graceful little woman who seems utterly out of place attending a lot of fiend-possessed creatures. The sleeve of her dress had been pulled right out from the shoulder by a wicked old hag from whose cell she had just emerged. And yet she didn't seem a bit afraid. I asked her how she managed to keep them quiet.

"I don't know," she said, "but they rarely attack me. Now this one who just 'yanked' my sleeve off is an old stager. It is less than a month since she was here before. It took five men besides the doctor here to bring her in last night, for she howled and fought like a demon. But when she saw me she quieted down and said, 'The top o' the marnin' to ye, ma'am.'

"'Is it you, Maggie?' I asked, 'In this plight, and only three weeks away from here?'

"'It is me, ma'am,' she says, 'an' sure I got in this plight, as ye calls it, just so's to look intil the swateness av yer eyes.' How's that for a compliment?"

It certainly was a choice compliment and worthily tendered, however expensive for the unfortunate Maggie.

"We have all sorts of patients," the nurse continued. "Just look in there." She indicated the lattice of an adjoining cell. On the bed lay a woman certainly not more than thirty years old, with handsome features. Her dissipation had swollen her face, which was essentially coarse and sensual in expression. Her bare arm lay upon the counterpane, white as marble and exquisitely moulded. Near the bed hung an elegant black lace dress and on the chair was a soft, fur-lined wrap, the kind you don't buy for a song.

"She was brought here just now from the Blank Hotel," said the nurse, mentioning a hotel of the highest class, "and here is what I have found in her pockets and on her neck, arms and fingers." She drew forth a pocket-book containing more than $3,600, a pearl necklace made up of three rows of clear, beautiful pearls caught at the back in a locket set with diamonds; one plain ring, two diamond rings, a serpent ring set with rubies, jewelled bracelets, diamond earrings and three dainty jewelled scarf-pins. They were worth all told at least $7,500. The nurse was about to take them to the Warden, and when the woman recovers from her debauch they will be restored to her. Cases of this sort are not rare. Rum knows no distinctions of birth or wealth or station. Its victims meet upon a common level.

The perfect cleanliness of these apartments was surprising in view of the things it shelters. The nurse said she always burned everything that came off the patients. "We get them sober, feed them with good bread and meat, strengthen their nerves with milk punches, give them good clothes and send them off new women," she said.

I asked how long they stayed new.

"Till they get a dollar to buy the abominable stuff with and then back they come. When they are once so far gone as to require a cell here, only a miracle from Heaven could save them. But still, it is better than to leave them out in the streets to fall in the gutters or die in the snow, isn't it?"

Who says the public is a brute?

For the most part these nurses are well-educated, clever young women, refined in manner and gentle in speech, often pretty and generally well-connected. I know a young lady whose father is wealthy and whose home is all that luxury and grace can make it, who, having been graduated at Wellesley, declined to give herself up to society, but came to New-York and studied in the Training School. Last spring I called on a friend whose wife was ill, and there was my lady, the Wellesley graduate, fastening a dainty pearl brooch with one hand, while in the other she held a bottle of medicine. The spirit which this circumstance suggests seems to animate all these nurses, and even the most repulsive service doesn't appear to make them callous. The nurse in charge of the wards for insane females at Bellevue, for instance, though she has to do with wicked old witches, often as strong as oxen and as vulgar as magpies, has not even lost her Bostonese accent. She wanders around among her patients, some of them jabbering in a nameless tongue, some uttering wierd cries, some swinging their bodies to and fro with the ceaseless motion of a pendulum, some laughing like a loon laughs in a shrill, senseless soprano, and some singing songs as mournful as Ophelia's—she goes about among these uncanny beings, any one of whom could tear her to pieces, as quietly as though they were a brood of golden ducklings.

Down over the water, near the lofty building which Mr. D. O. Mills is erecting as a gift to the city where Doctor Wood's famous collection of natural history specimens will soon have their abode, is the appropriate omega of all this poverty and suffering—the Morgue. The healthiest-looking man within the walls of Bellevue is the man who has charge of the morgue. Under its roof through a dozen apertures the air is drawn, and when the wind blows high and the waves beat mournfully against the piles which hold the structure above them, the wind sings doleful dirges to the friendless dead. From the wards of the hospitals, from the streets, from filthy tenements and from the cold river they are gathered, all that is left of frail, hapless humanity, and in pine boxes they are laid upon the iron frame, as many as twenty a day.

CHAT WITH PUBLIC MEN.

REMINISCENCES AND CURRENT COMMENT.

The heir of Maximilian I. of Mexico, who recently went to Newport to show his shapely form in the aristocratic throng at that watering place, has the full name and title of Prince Augustine Iturbide. He is a grandson of the first Emperor Iturbide, and was himself recognized as Heir-Presumptive by Maximilian. His father was a Mexican diplomat and at one time an attache of the Mexican Legation at Washington, where he met and married the Prince's mother. She was a Miss Green, the granddaughter of a Governor of Maryland. He was less than five years old when Maximilian was shot, and in the turbulence of the hour in Mexico might have been himself murdered but for the interference of the American State Department.

His presence in New-York revived a story that is told of the late General James B. Steedman, of Ohio, to whom a fine monument was recently erected by his old comrades at Toledo. General Steedman was Collector at New-Orleans. He was so intimate with President Andrew Johnson, to whom he owed his appointment, that he was sometimes called the Premier of the Kitchen Cabinet. When Maximilian was captured at Queretaro by the troops of General Juarez, an effort was set on foot at Washington to save his life. Several prominent public men were requested to undertake a mission extraordinary to Mexico for this object. In despair at finding no one willing to take the mission, President Johnson telegraphed to Steedman at New-Orleans, feeling certain that the chivalry and courage of the man were adequate to the task of entering a country upset by revolution and full of armed men, dangerous on account of their cutthroat proclivities to either friend or foe. One thing the President had not counted upon, which was Steedman's thorough Americanism, intense democracy and deep hatred of anything aristocratic or monarchical. The answer of General Steedman to the President was couched in language something to this effect: "I was once obliged to stand helplessly by while my Government refused to interfere to prevent the murder of General Walker and his brave comrades in Nicaragua, and I must therefore respectfully decline to risk my life for this royal foreign freebooter."

General George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, relates this story about Steedman: "Steedman came to me once in the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked me for a loan of $50. It was when I had more money than I have now, and I went over to the cashier and got him the cash. It struck me as queer that he should be in need of that amount of money, for he was still Collector at New-Orleans. However, he could have had $500 as readily as $50 so long as I had it. He was the kind of man one could share his last crust with, and he had saved my life once on a time. But when I came to hand him the money he hesitated a bit and then said: 'George, you may never get this back, I'm harder hit than you know.' My reply was: 'It all goes, Jim, and whether I ever see it from you or not is wholly immaterial to me.' Then he took from his pocket a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury notifying him in set terms that his account as Collector showed balances due the Government amounting to nearly $700,000 with the plain and imperative demand for payment by check by return mail or the Secretary would draw at sight. It took my breath away. 'Well,' was all I could say. When he took out of his pocket and showed me his reply, mailed that afternoon I remember thinking it was as cool as the General himself was reputed to be in danger. It simply said to his superior officer that he had no bank account, and that if the Government would draw on him at sight or any other period it would do so at the expense of a dishonored draft. There was no attempt at explanation, concealment, evasion or apology. He simply laid down his hand face up. I remember thinking that a nerve like that ought to have put the balances in his favor instead of against him. I believe his accounts were never settled. He had influence at Washington and was never prosecuted."

I asked General Sheridan to tell me about General Steedman saving his life and he responded as follows: "It occurred in Louisiana while Steedman was Collector. He was a Democrat, you know. I was a Republican—red-hot and gory, too. A joint discussion was proposed and arranged between Steedman and myself. He had the first speech. Then I got up to reply, and I did reply, you can bet. I made them such a Republican speech as tore their vitals out. The crowd began to disturb me, and finally revolvers were drawn and men objected to my uttering such sentiments in terms that implied their perfect willingness to murder me. I expected every moment to be plugged by a bullet. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I came here to make a Republican speech. You can shoot me, but you will hear a Republican speech or nothing.' There were a dozen revolvers levelled at me after this defiance, when I felt a pressure on my right side. There, towering up above me, was my opponent ablaze with excitement and indignation. He had a cocked revolver in each hand. Where he got them I don't know. 'Yes, you can shoot,' he yelled to the crowd with a volley of oaths, 'but there will be two dead men the minute that shot is fired, and as many more as I have time to drop before you drop me. I came down here with a gentleman for a joint debate before gentlemen. I've had my say. Now my antagonist shall have his say, by the Eternal, or you'll kill me as well as him.' Then he turned round to me and said: 'Now George, give 'em blazes while I watch 'em to see they don't shoot.' I wasn't disturbed again in my speech. But they would have shot me like a dog but for Steedman."

The transportation on the great lakes is becoming a very important and rapidly increasing factor in the commercial business of the country, owing especially to the rapid development of the mineral resources of the Northwestern country. H. S. Benjamin, of Milwaukee, observed the other day: "Vessel owners on the upper lakes have been able to command their own prices during the last season. There was such an abundance of freight and such a scarcity of tonnage that they had mine owners at their mercy. Men who bought a ship last spring to engage in the carrying of iron ore could own the mine by this fall. They have been taking a dollar a ton out of the mines for ore shipments which belonged to the owners of the mines, and this dollar a ton was clear added profit on top of the 33 per cent that ship men have been making in previous years on their investments. There will be some change next season, because several large lines of steamships are being projected for this trade."

The president of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, Charles L. Colby, is in appearance strikingly like the late John Kelly. His close-cut hair and whiskers are a grayish black, where Mr. Kelly's were sandy, and he is smaller in physique, but his facial expression is remarkably close to that of the dead leader of Tammany. Mr. Colby lives in Milwaukee, and is one of the keen business men of the Northwest, in the development of which he has accumulated a large fortune, although probably less than fifty years of age. Under his management the Wisconsin Central road acquired an extensive holding of property on the Gogebic iron range, which has been a large source of freight revenue. Mr. Colby says that the road has taken 300,000 tons of ore out of that region this year. In talking about other lines of railroad pushing into northern Michigan and Wisconsin which might become competitive, he said with a laughing contentment: "I don't know what they expect to do in the iron region. There is no business for them there. It is all taken up now. There was a time when other roads could have bought properties and developed business as we did, but that day has gone by."

Dressmakers' bills are not of the kind of financial operation in which one would expect to find an ex-Secretary of the Treasury an expert, or even interested, but I found, in chatting with ex-Secretary William Windom, who was the head of the Treasury under President Garfield, that he had some valuable information on that subject. He had just been reading an item about a suit for a dressmaker's bill, and said: "That reminds me of what I learned in Paris is the regular habit of French dressmakers. Ladies who have bought and paid for costumes there are frequently presented with bills for the same a second time years after the purchases were made. Unless they have taken receipted bills and have preserved the same it goes hard with them. I have known several instances where the French dressmakers forced a second payment in court under exactly those circumstances. My advice to my wife has always been to keep her bills."

John E. Burton, who is one of the big men on the Gogebic iron range of Wisconsin, paid a tribute to the legal ability of Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, by saying: "Mining men regard Spooner as the ablest and best read lawyer in the State. He drew the articles of incorporation for the big Aurora mine. It will serve to show you how confidently they rely on his work when I tell you that these papers have been copied word for word in preparing the incorporation of every company on the range organized since that time. There could be no greater compliment to his legal ability."

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

ECHOES OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

YOUNG LAMAR'S "PAW"—"PHYSICAL WRECK" REFORM—NOTES.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The great International Congress of Surgeons and Physicians has been held and is now a thing of the past. For the city itself and its inhabitants it has been a week of continued excitement. To those who took part in the deliberations of the congress, I trust, the gathering will have proved a source of profit and an occasion to which the memory will revert with pleasure. Certainly nothing was left undone by the local committee to make guests comfortable or to keep up the good name of American hospitality. If grumblers there were they were not the physicians themselves; they were irresponsible outsiders. Nor were any complaints made by foreigners as has been stated in different newspapers. I took particular pains to ascertain this and found that the silly rumors to the contrary had not the slightest foundation. One must assume, it seems to me, that members of the profession from abroad who attended this congress—men, for the most part, of international reputation—are gentlemen, and it seems absurd to suppose that they would grumble even if they had cause over the entertainment provided by their hosts. They must be supposed to know that it is not exactly polite to look a gift-horse in the mouth. The talk, therefore, of their having uttered loud complaints, as reported, seems to lack good sense.

As a layman I would not venture to express an opinion as to the scientific results of such a large gathering of prominent men. I can say this, however, upon the authority of no less a man than Sir James Grant, that the sessions of this congress have proved to the foreign practitioners of more than ordinary interest and that they will return home with enlarged ideas regarding the intellectual development made by the profession in this country in the various departments of medical and surgical science. Professor Semmola, of Italy, whose eloquent and scholarly address on Wednesday may be said to have been one of the features of the meeting, shares the same views. So does Dr. Martin, of Berlin, and Dr. Lloyd, of the British Naval Service.

The congress has not been without some humorous aspects, either. It cannot be but amusing, for instance, to consider the Secretary of State, who represented the United States in welcoming the doctors to this country and who has the reputation of being one of the most ardent admirers of the homœopathic school, as addressing the most thoroughly allopathic assembly that could have been gathered under one roof in this or any other country. Doubtless the congress would have gone into hysterics had it suspected that a homœopathic heretic was addressing them—to judge at least from the bitterness of the dissensions which preceded the meeting of the congress among the profession in this country. Another humorous feature must have been a source of special delight to the average man, or woman, for that matter; it was nothing less than the privilege of watching the doctors—especially the dentist surgeons—operate upon one another. The doctor who said teeth could be transplanted operated on the doctor who said they couldn't—to the delectation of all victims who have suffered in the dentist's chair. Whether the exotic molars grow up or down; whether they stick like rusty nails in a knotty rail, or fall out like pegs from a cribbage board, the common, non-medical herd can rejoice over the discomfort or discomfiture of one doctor at least, and no much-enduring patient will be the sufferer. I spare you the recital of some altogether too professional pranks and jokes which were played by a certain youthful medicus upon some of his graver brethren, and leave the subject only with an emphatic contradiction of the slander sown broadcast by some malicious wag to the effect that the death-rate increased alarmingly during the stay of the doctors in Washington, or that their fees were reduced by reason of sudden competition.

"Nepotism" under Republican Administrations used to be one of the favorite topics for Democratic "reformers" to dwell upon when they wished to point out to their constituents the utter iniquity of their political opponents. You do not hear so much about "nepotism" nowadays. The word seems to have been dropped entirely from the Democratic vocabulary. They seem to have forgotten its meaning. This might seem surprising were it not for the fact that these same "reformers" have succeeded very well within the two years and a half that they have been in office in providing for their kith and kin at the Government's expense. There is, for instance, Secretary Lamar's son who draws a big salary for work which some one else performs—a rawboned, lackadaisical youth with a wardrobe which might provoke, it is true, the contempt of a Berry Wall, but which here excites the envy of swells with empty pockets. He is his father's secretary; at least he tries to make strangers believe that he performs the functions of a secretary. But his work, it would appear, consists chiefly in the task of drawing his salary at the end of each month. And you may depend upon it that he does this with a conscientiousness and regularity truly touching. I happened to be in the Secretary's office the other day when some one entered and asked briskly:

"Is the Secretary in?"

"Do you want to see Paw?" mildly replied Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, jr.

"No, I don't want to see 'Pawr,'" impatiently retorted the stranger. "I want to see the Secretary."

"Well, Paw isn't in."

"I want to see Secretary Lamar, I told you already. I have some matters of importance to talk over with him. I don't care to see your Mr. 'Pawr.' Who is this 'Pawr' anyway—never heard—"

Here a sudden gleam of intelligence seemed to dawn upon the stranger's mind. He made one bolt for the door, disappearing as quickly as he had come.

"Well, I do declare!" gasped Lucius Quintus Curtius "Did you ever—"

"No, never," chimed in a discreet clerk. And then they retired to an inner room, presumably to talk over this startling episode.

The services of "Paw's" young hopeful are valued at $1,800 a year—by "Paw." But "Paw" doesn't pay for them; oh, no—it is the Government which foots the bills.

Charles Bingham, of Pennsylvania, is—or more correctly speaking was, until last week—a clerk in the Pension Office, with a salary of $1,200 a year. He is a Republican, I believe, though he never has been what is known nowadays as an "offensive partisan." He has been a faithful, patient and efficient worker, and, relying somewhat upon his record as a clerk, looked for promotion and increased pay as a partial recognition of his services. About two weeks ago he determined to apply to General Black for promotion.

"You can't expect being promoted by a Democratic Commissioner," said one of his friends.

"Why not?" replied the trustful Bingham; "this is a reform Administration."

"Well, try it," said the incredulous friend.

And try Bingham did. He now wishes he hadn't. He wrote a letter to Commissioner Black stating upon what grounds he based his application for promotion, and added that he had heard it said that Republicans could not hope to get promoted for faithful services while a Democratic Administration was in power. He himself considered such an assertion a slander upon the good name of a "reform" Government, and was convinced that he, the Commissioner, would treat his application upon its merits without regard to the petitioner's political leanings.

Those who saw the "Physical Wreck" when he read that letter indicate that he acted in a surprisingly lively manner for a "wreck." Figuratively speaking he performed the war dance indulged in by Indians preparatory to taking their enemy's scalps.

"Send for this Mr. Bingham," he bellowed, snorting with anger and resentment. "Send for this man Bingham immediately."

Bingham was sent for. He approached the Commissioner's room smiling and happy. "My application is about to be granted"—he thought.

"Who informed you, sir," immediately demanded General Black, "that Republicans couldn't hope for preferment while I remained Commissioner?"

Mr. Bingham was taken by surprise. "Well," he stammered at last, "I confess—I don't—I hardly think it is fair to ask me such a question."

"You refuse to answer?"

"Under the circumstances, I do, yes."

"Your services, then, are no longer required after to-day"—and with a majestic sweep of his hand the great man dismissed the unfortunate Bingham.

This is "reform with a vengeance," as representatives of both parties point out—some with hot indignation, others with an expressive droop of the eyelids.

That new conditions create new types and new diseases is a well-known fact in physiology. One of the latest to develop in Washington is "type-writer paralysis." This disease doesn't attack the machine as the name given to it might imply, but the bright-eyed young woman who runs it. With an evidence of acute discrimination and good taste hardly to be expected in one so new, it devotes its attention to the aforesaid young woman, and leaves the machine to the tender mercies of "stuttering," "skipping," "slipping" and all the other failings to which its castiron flesh is heir. Several of the expert type-writers in the departments tell me that they are victims of the new-fangled disease. It first appears in their slender wrists. If their wrists are not slender—which of course is the exception rather than the rule—it develops there just the same. The right wrist succumbs first, as that is also used in writing with the pen. The hand is useless for a while and throbs with pains that shoot up into the wrist and forearm. Sometimes it results in partial paralysis of the side. It seems to differ in this from ordinary telegrapher's paralysis, which, I am told, interferes with the use of the hand for telegraphing only, and leaves its skill in other ways unimpaired. There is a closer resemblance to the trouble from which piano players sometimes suffer, and the most aggravated cases are those where the clerk who rattles the type-writer all the afternoon goes home and drums the piano all the evening. There seems to be something of poetic justice in that. After the victim has recovered from an attack the skin will peel off the hand and wrist as after a fever. The redeeming feature of type-writer paralysis is that it is apt to develop its most violent phases in a species of secondary symptoms at about the expiration of the clerk's thirty days' annual leave with pay. This makes necessary a further absence of four weeks on "sick leave"—also with pay.

While wandering about the alcoves of the Patent Office Library the other day my attention was called to a dapper little man whose quick eye was running over the index of the musty volumes of scientific and philosophical doings of some English societies.

"That man is a terror to patentees and patent owners," said the assistant librarian at my elbow. "He is a blackmailer who has ruined the reputation of many a seemingly respectable and valuable patent in his day. That little piece of paper in his hand with a sketch and a few reference figures upon it is worth many hundred dollars to him, for its publication means financial ruin to one or more corporations engaged in manufacturing under some patent. You see, a patent is granted for something that is supposed to be new. An examination is made in the office to determine this point before the patent is issued. But on account of the smallness of the force there isn't time to make a thorough search always through the vast mass of literature on every subject. So it often happens that a man is given a patent as the true and original inventor of something that some old philosopher hit upon years ago. Our friend, the blackmailer, keeps himself informed on all the patented industries of the country, and spends his time delving among our old books and the periodicals published in half a dozen different languages. He takes notes of everything of importance that he finds there. Some day he will stumble across a paper contributed to a Royal Society of Bigwigs by some learned old chap with a whole alphabet of titles tacked on to his name. It describes some laboratory experiments that were pursued as interesting and dropped as of no practical value. But that abstruse little paper discloses to the world the discovery of some process or method in the arts afterward rediscovered and patented by others. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in these patents which would be worthless if the courts knew what our blackmailer has stumbled upon. Of course there is a legitimate side to the business also. Wise capitalists who are about to invest in patents pay large sums for just such searches as these, and will not buy unless the report is entirely satisfactory. But the class of heedless investors is large also, and they bleed freely."

It was Labouchere, I believe, who in *Truth* once said that Archibald Forbes enjoyed the rare distinction of having for a father-in-law the designer and constructor of the ugliest building in the world. Well, the Pension Barn is practically completed, according to the report of General Meigs, just handed to the Secretary of the Interior. Every time I pass it I think of General Sheridan and what he said to General Meigs when the latter was descanting to him upon the fire-proof qualities of his factory:

"It is the only fault I have to find with the building," said "little Phil" bluntly.

I think there are thousands who with the General of the Army express the same regret. It is a hideous structure; no question about that. And it disfigures the city, I might almost say for miles around. General Meigs boasted, I am told, of the fact recently that it was the only well-ventilated public building in the city. According to his own report the roof, although sheathed with terra-cotta tiles, hollow, containing a three-inch air space, and covered with tarred building felt and tin above with two coats of lime and-sand plaster below, was insufficient to make the rooms in the upper story of the building habitable. It has been determined to reline the roof with fluted sheet iron plates, which it is hoped will make these rooms fit for occupancy. That work is now being carried on. The cost of the building has not been far from one million of dollars, and it required 700 tons of coal to heat it last year. Truly an economical structure. Recently an iron pot was placed on top of the most prominent chimney—as an ornament. A certain wag declares it to have been placed there as a delicate compliment to the doctors who feasted in the building on Thursday night; in fact he says it is only a highly ornamental mortar and pestle. What the thing is really intended for still remains a mystery.

Overhead at the "banquet" given to the foreign guests at the Pension Building on Thursday last:

Young English doctor who has been helped to a plate of soft-shell crabs by his American friend—I say, what are these?

Facetious American—They are soft-shell crabs—crabs caught immediately after shedding their shell. Do you like them?

Y. E. D.—Oh, I say, they are jolly good eating.

F. A.—Wouldn't you like to try some of our soft-shell oysters?

Y. E. D.—What?

F. A.—Soft-shell oysters.

Y. E. D.—Thanks, not now. Did you say "soft-shell" oysters?

F. A.—Yes; soft-shell oysters.

Y. E. D.—That's very curious. Never heard of them before. I must put that down. (Makes note of it, while surrounding groups turn their faces. His book to appear next spring.)

Fact.

One of the most familiar faces at the Metropolitan Club is that of General Berdan, who is known in Army circles as the "General of the Sharpshooters." Among inventors and manufacturers he is known as the author of a system of torpedo defence, the inventor of the central-fire cartridge, the Berdan breech-loading rifle and many other things now used in the art of destroying human life. But the thing the General is proudest of just now is not his army record or his inventions, but the fact that his son-in-law, F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is the successful competitor for the position of poet-laureate to the Philadelphia Constitutional Centennial. The poem will be read from the platform at the public exercises on October 17. Mr. Crawford is now at his home in Sorrento, Italy.

A hint contained in the interview which Ballard Smith recently had with the President as to the probability of Mr. Cleveland giving up "Oak View" as a place of residence after the completion of his Presidential term has struck terror into the hearts of real estate dealers. They think that it threatens to prick the boom in suburban property which Washington has enjoyed since the President changed "Red Top" into "Oak View." I think that every conservative investor in Washington admits that this boom is thoroughly artificial and has no solid basis to rest upon. It cannot possibly last much longer, and before it bursts let those interested in it now stand from under.

P. T. BARNUM SOMETIMES ABSENT-MINDED.

P. T. Barnum never smokes, but when on railroad trains often rides in the smoking-car. On his way from New-York to Bridgeport, Conn., a day or two ago he did so, and met James Gallagher and two other well-known men of New-Haven. Whist was proposed. Mr. Gallagher bought a card "deck" of the water boy, paying 95 cents therefor. The game was played for points, honors not counting, and was watched with interest by the passengers. Reaching Bridgeport the great showman thanked Mr. Gallagher and his two friends for affording him so much pleasure, and as he rose from his seat to leave the car "scooped" up the new "deck" and put it into his pocket. During the remainder of the journey the Elm City men are said to have gazed from the car window as if in deep thought and without speaking a word.

THE DENTIST'S UNHAPPY LOT.

From The San Francisco Examiner.

"A dentist's lot is a hard one," mournfully remarked a young man who has recently opened what he calls, with or without authority, a "dentimciary" in Oakland. "It it is much harder, though you may not believe it, than that of a person who enters his office to get rid of a troublesome tooth. Occasionally a stern man seats himself in the chair, and I believe that if I were to place my foot against the arm of the chair so as to get a better hold as I hauled away with the forceps he would scorn to confess by any sign that I was hurting him.

"But the women are very difficult to deal with. They cling to a tooth decayed beyond repair, as they would to a sick child, and only come to me after days and nights of suffering, when one cheek is swollen so as to bear no proportion to the other. Then the pain ceases the moment they see the operation chair, and they want to drop their end of the log, but the husband, or brother, or any male relative who happens to be with them, usually holds up his extremity firmly enough, and insists that the programme shall be carried out. Then my share of the amusement begins. Frequently the patients decline to take the gas. They pretend to think it is cowardly to do so, but often threaten me, nevertheless, that if I hurt them they will not pay me. I must say, however, that though they show a pitiful lack of logic in arguing, they establish a claim to bravery by being afraid of the anæsthetic.

"They are honest enough, after the ordeal is over, to pay me, in their great relief, double my regular fee if I demand it, and to ask no consideration for their efforts to aid me by seizing the forceps, when the bitter tug of war commences, and adding their strength to mine. I can't say that I have ever derived any absolute assistance from their exertions, and I would greatly prefer to see them keep their hands on their laps.

"Still, a colored girl, who came in the other day, had strength that, properly applied, might have done good service. She had a very strong tooth too, and, when I had it about half way out, she dragged the forceps out of my hand, whacked me over the head with it in a way that made me see stars, kicked my wife, who came to the rescue, in the stomach, and rushed, shrieking into the street, carrying the instrument with her. I had taken off my coat when I saw the size and stability of the tooth that I had to deal with, but I pursued her in my shirt sleeves.

"A policeman stopped her and we all went into a drugstore, for the girl was half mad with pain and terror. The clerk gave her a dose that relieved her, and when I had recovered my forceps I asked her to come back, take the gas, and allow me to complete the operation, as her tooth was half extracted, but she declined, saying that she thought she could 'chew' it back to its old position. I have not seen her since."

CONFECTIONERS' BUTTER IN LONDON.

From The Liverpool Courier.

I happen to know a man who makes a living by collecting the rancid butter and dirty butter scrapings from the butter shops, and then retailing them to West-end confectioners. The other day I met him wheeling a truckload of the loathsome looking stuff along the Baywater road.

"Hullo," exclaimed I, "what in the name of goodness have you got there?" for really I could not tell from the look of it, it was so dirty and discolored, while the stench it gave, when I went up to it was something fearful.

"Oh," he replied, with quite a business air, "it's offal."

"But what kind of offal? It smells almost bad enough to knock you down!"

"Why, butter offal."

"Indeed! Do you mind telling me what you're going to do with it?"

"Make it into lumps and then take it round to the confectioners."

"The confectioners! What do they want it for? It would poison a dog."

"Perhaps so," responded my friend, with something very like a grin: "but, none the less, it don't poison the aristocracy."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that it's used in the pastry fal-de-lals they're so fond of."

"But not as it is, surely!"

"Oh, no; they first purify it in some way."

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

GENERAL PLEASANTON'S "MOCKING-BIRD."

From The Boston Traveller.

"How did I happen to be called 'Mocking-Bird Pleasanton?'" said he. "That came out of an incident of the war. For three months when we were down there in the swamp with McClellan, with men dying around us by thousands, not a trumpet was sounded and not a band played. These were McClellan's orders. Now I believe in bands on the field. The men were depressed and discouraged. My experience has been that a lively tune will make the boys fight better. One day I went into McClellan's headquarters, and told him that the morrow would be the 4th of July. I suggested that we should have a grand review, a salute to the flag, and that the bands should give us some patriotic music. Also recommended him to issue a stirring address to the troops. The idea pleased him, and he made out the necessary orders. The effect on the soldiers was wonderful, but the address, which was the famous one declaring the war to be a failure, was a wet blanket. That address, by the way, was written by Colonel Tom Key, a sort of military secretary to the commanding general. It was Key's idea and not McClellan's, but of course 'Mac' had to stand it as he had adopted it. But I am getting away from my story. Not long after that we got into action. I rode down to the front and found the line breaking. You see the men's ammunition was giving out, and even a veteran will run rather than to take the chances of being shot without having the opportunity of returning in kind.

I got some artillery in position to hold the line, and I saw two bands near. I ordered them to play something lively, and they gave the 'Mocking Bird.' The runaways stopped when they heard the music. Ammunition was quickly distributed, and with a cheer they jumped to the front and charged the Johnnies, completely routing them. Somebody dubbed me the 'Mocking Bird,' but the name never went beyond my own troops."

THE M. P. TOOK THE WRONG HAT.

London letter in The Irish Times.

A curious story regarding a hat is current in the lobby of the House of Commons. It appears that on Friday night an elderly member, who is said to be of a jealous disposition, and moreover is possessed of a young and, of course, good-looking wife, took from the cloakroom another member's hat. On the following morning after breakfast he discovered the strange hat on his hatstand, and on closer inspection found that it was garnished inside with initials, above which was a strange crest. The green-eyed monster was instantly at work, especially as his wife had returned from the South of France during his absence at the House on the previous evening. His favorite chapeau, of course being missing, he immediately interrogated his wife as to who was her escort. The innocent dame was highly indignant, and hotly denied the impeachment. Seizing his Debrett the honorable member traced the offending hat to its lawful owner, and journeying to his solicitor, indited a very strong epistle to the eldest son of a peer who sits on the opposite side of the House, threatening him with all sorts of penalties for the insult offered to his honor. The young scion of nobility immediately grasped the situation, having himself had to travel home in a strange hat, and kept up the joke by sending the enraged husband a solicitor's letter charging him with stealing the initialed hat from the cloakroom of the House of Commons. On receipt of this epistle it immediately dawned on the elderly M. P. that he had made a mistake, and he forthwith made a personal apology. Late on Monday afternoon he was strenuously trying to effect a pair for the rest of the season.

THE KAISER'S SPECIAL TRAIN.

From The London World.

The Imperial special train which has been used by the Emperor William during his recent journeys consists of three saloon carriages, which are connected with each other by a covered passage lighted with gas, and fitted with electric bells and a telegraph apparatus. The day saloon is hung with blue damask, and contains only easy chairs, sofas, and a couple of tables. At one end is a coupe, where the Emperor usually stands, or sits on a high chair, when passing through a large town, or wherever there is any fine scenery. A portion of the next carriage is fitted up as a study, and there is a desk and writing materials; but his Majesty has almost given up working in the train, although till last year he went through his letters and dispatches just in the same methodical way as if he was at Berlin or Potsdam. A dressing room, which contains everything that could possibly be wanted, adjoins the study. Another saloon is the bedroom, and contains the camp-bed which the Emperor always uses. There is a large saloon for the suite, and another for the servants. The Emperor's train has been ordered to travel at a comparatively slow rate of speed this year, and nourishing refreshment has been supplied to his Majesty every two hours—usually the strongest soup that can be made, or eggs beaten up with champagne, or meat jelly.

A DOWN-EAST ARTIST'S STUDIO.

From The Lewiston Journal.

Isaac Eaton has a den, as he calls it. It is in one corner of an old corn-house. There are wide gaps in the roof. The shanty is on its last legs, and the first Northern blast is likely to bear it bodily away. He spends many an hour in his den. The spider has made his cobweb here, the sparrows have built their nests therein, and it is what Isaac calls a wild, romantic studio. When it rains, the drops come pattering through the cracks in the rotten roof, but the artist has wash-tubs and wooden pails, and his paintings and sketches don't get wet. There are only two three-legged stools in the room. He has an artist's easel, a few old brushes and a dozen tubes of paint. Here he locks himself alone a part of every day and in his overalls and blue frock paints pictures of army life, horses in action, episodes of the war and such like. The floor is covered with pictures, sketches and manuscript. It is a rough-looking place for a studio, and a wild-looking studio, but Isaac says it's about the only happy hours of his life when he is in there alone. On the bare walls are relics of the wars that he has picked up. He thinks a good deal of an old revolutionary canteen of the war of 1812, that hangs on his easel whenever he paints. In this artist's den he has written two operas. One of them he calls Miles Standish. It is now in the hands of a New-York professor of music, and the artist says there is no doubt but that it will soon be staged. It is the first American opera, he says, written on a distinctive American plan. "It's an idyllic opera," says the artist, an episode of the courtship of Miles Standish, based upon the familiar story of this doughty warrior's unsuccessful courtship by proxy. "My first opera is a comic, something of the Pinafore style. My libretto is taken from political and social events in New-York City, in the days I was there, after the war."

JOHN RANDOLPH THOUGHT HE WAS WITTY.

From The Philadelphia Times.

When Ohio was first admitted as a State, and entitled to a representative in Congress, an uncouth fellow was elected as her representative. He lacked many of the essentials needed to inspire respect, attention and weight, to carry the measures he advocated or proposed; he sat immediately behind Mr. Randolph. When the Clerk of the House rose and read the petition of the Ohioan, of such matters as that State needed, he arose, with his tall, lanky appearance, uncouth gestures, boisterous vociferation, and remarkably bad grammar, advocated its passage and sat down, perfectly subsided. Mr. Randolph arose, very demurely, and looking around the House with feigned bewilderment, turned his face toward the Speaker, who always gave him polite attention. He said, in his earnest speaking tone of voice: "Mr. Speaker," and paused.

"Yes, Mr. Randolph, you have the floor."

"Mr. Speaker," again said Mr. Randolph, with his thumb pointing over his shoulder, and half turning his head towards the Ohioan, "Mr. Speaker, good God! good God! good God!" and then sat down perfectly composed, leaving the House convulsed in laughter and the Ohio statesman embarrassed as to the point and meaning of his remarks.

THE RED MEN AT FORT PICKENS.

From The Savannah News.

Since the Indians have arrived at Fort Pickens the Goverment has had a flag staff erected there, and now has the American flag flying from it. The Indians, about fifty, including men, woman and children, have the fort for their exclusive use now. Heretofore the guard of soldiers also lived inside the fort, but now they live in houses outside the fort. There are about ten of them on at a time; that is, ten men compose the whole guard, with one man walking past at the gate of the fort. About every week the guard is relieved by a detachment from Fort Barrancas. There are not as many visitors to Fort Pickens now as there have been. It is amusing to see some of the lady visitors. They will go into a perfect ecstacy of delight over the little papooses, and the bucks they will scrutinize very closely, but they stand and bear the scrutiny with stoild indifference. There was one lady from Ohio, who, while performing the scrutinizing act, was telling some gentlemen who were with her about the ravages they had committed, and of receiving a letter from her sister, who lived where these Indians had done most mischief, and not ten minutes later she was looking for Geronimo to get a piece of his hair, for which she was going to give him a gold breastpin which she wore. When the request was made known to him he refused to make the exchange. Much as he would like to have had the pin he would not sacrifice a piece of his hair for it. The old fellow is very sharp in a business transaction. One day there were some visitors there, and he wanted to trade a photograph of an actress for a gold watch charm which a gentleman had on.

GOT INTO THE CHURCH AT LAST.

From The Lewiston Journal.

The clerk's and probate offices on Paris Hill are places where good stories can be heard at any time, but more especially during the sitting of the Probate and Insolvent Courts. The Hon. John P. Swasey of Easton, the best story teller of the Oxford Bar, is generally "loaded," and always takes a hand in the exercises.

"I once knew an old fellow who spent a whole lifetime of iniquity and when he saw that his days were nearly numbered, he wanted to join the church, but they told him there wasn't any vacancy."

A brother lawyer asked

"Where was that, John?"

"Oh, that was over on the Androscoggin," said Swasey. "Well, ———, who was a member of that church, died soon after, and then the old fellow put in a new application, and though they hardly wanted to take him, they couldn't well refuse under the circumstances. After some delay and an investigation, he was allowed to take the oath."

A Fancy Flight.—Mrs. Mawkins: "Ah, Miss Prettypert, I am so very impressionable. Masquerading like this in and amongst old world fashions, my fancy takes me back along the mazes of history to—to—er—" Miss Prettypert: "I know what you mean, dear—to childhood's happy days."—[Fun.